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COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1878. VOL. XXIII. NO. 52.

lady.

or keep life in our bodies till they dig for us. Ab, here he is," starting for ward as one stumbled overchim for whom they sought.

Returning from a picnic soon after 10 o'clock on the evening of the Fourth of July, as has already been related, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Connor, on opening the front door of the house, one-half of which they occupied, discovered what they supposed to be a days, that you should suppose a man's cornse lying on the floor in the half. days, that you should suppose a man's covered what they supposed to be a whistle could cause it to come tumwith its feet raised and braced against

bling about our ears!"

"He put the spirits to work!" said one. It's never failed yet. We'll give him to them of one of them."

"Not unless you give me, too!" said Jack, his face growing very white, and the words rushing from his his as though he could not repress them. "He can't defend himself. It's only a coward who would strike a helpless mic." The men paused with a flush of shame, while their hands sank quietly that lay on the floor of the hall was that of Miss Louisa Heuser, shame, while their hands sank quietly to their sides, and Jack Howard knew his defense had proved good. So the long, weary hours dragged themselves slong, each man busy with his own thoughts; some thinking of the wife and bairns who waited their return; some the mother and sweetheart. Occasionally would sound a rumbling poise, drawing nearer and nearer, and noise, drawing nearer and nearer, and been taken off and laid carefully on unless rescue soon reached them, all knew the wall surrounding them would soon give way. They knew not whether it were day or night, or, save by the pangs of hunger and thirst already assailing them, how long they had been entombed, when brightly, just as if the room had been deserted of its company pe rose once more m their breasts, faint and distinct, came a human Dr. Hasbrouck and his wife were ab soice. With one accord they answered it, and grasping their tools with new earnestness, fell to work to meet those digging their slow way toward them. Ah, the ecstacy of the which Mr. and Mrs. Connor returned, ward them. Ah, the ecstacy of the which Mr. and Mrs. Connor returned, moment when the first ray of light but had come home early in the company of Mr. Wm. H. Townsend and his children, with whom she had left

almost gone, anyway. They can her.

"Tell her I kept sacred the

But they suddenly grew weak and

Like a faint dream, the words, whispered in his ear came to Tom Wileox as Ray nu sed him to health and strength, and wonderfully he repeated them to her. Then, as though unvail-ing some sacred thing, with sobbing breath she told him why Jack Howard had done this thing. How great, how true an act of heroism was his,

pleading face seemed to rise up out of the darkness, and quietly he took his stand in front of the proetrate form.

Strange Cutrage on a Brooklyn Young to meet Mrs. Conner said:

"I was away in the afternoon, and after coming home I went to the picnic to meet Mrs. Conner and the children.

Has Fallen. We came home just after 10 o'clock, When I unlocked the front door I felt something pushing against it, and chronicler, is now adrowning woman, when I forced it open I saw the naked whose face is only seen floating on the

that she was to proud and airish."

are names of inhaitants.

erack of the door, saw his friend take hopes and shaken the minds of the

"Very fine, indeed," said he, seeming to enjoy the poor student's feigned It was grotesque, but it happened i

turn. By the way, who's your butcher, my boy? By Jove, I think I'll have to call around and see him."

Above all, she is a prisoner, for Nicobini is consumed with jealousy. When she last passed through Paris Auguste, "He is here before you," "Exactly." "What do you mean? "I mean that I cut that steak o

cooked it for your benefit."

Mister famar, Who voted in favor of pensioning Grant on the public at \$15,000 per annum, and spoke of that bloody boor as

Patti says a sympathetic French chronicler, is now adrowning woman,

who has since died without, the happearls and hen Simian but fascinating

per of the other sex was Cottrau, music publisher of Italy next to Ricordi, of Milan, whose constant struggle with his eyesglass is legendary in aris, the contest ending invariably in is dropping the glass out of reach and naking the wildest salutations at rantouch me.' I thought the girl was dom, some of which involved him in dying, and I kept asking her whether she knew me. I asked her ever fanatical believer in the diva, "into the splendor of whose glory he dashed himself headlong," says the wonder-ful author of this worderful tale, even as a sea bird goes against the lantern of a light-house.' Having advertised his hopeless passion to the amusement of all Paris, the poor man retired to Naples disgusted and disenchanted. Another of

me."
Then he turned back, and raising the prostrate form, and whispering in the prostrate form, and the prostrate form, and whispering in the prostrate form, and the prostrate form, and whispering in the prostrate form, and the prostrate form, and the prostrate form and the prostrat great and innocent passion. The Marquis was the first man mearth Nicolini. It was at St. Pe-

tersburg in 1876. The Marquis, who was established at the same hotel with his goddess, was out that evening when a servant, passing by the apartments of Mme. Patti, heard some one moving about. The servant thinking be so absorbed in his books as to almost Patti, it seems, wished to buy the vilforget he was cooking a meal. He la of Trento; Nicolini consented, but versity are first to be considered. The knew so well, however, to regulate his fire that he rarely ever so far forgot himself as to let his meat cook too when Strakosch interfered. From much to be savory. But he finally got | words they come to blows, and so the | ty bears is concerned in the gross perdissection. At the close of the evening himself." Parti, after the manner of up the safest and best lines of transthe poor student waited until all his the Sabine women, and of Mr. Pick- P "this charm, this seduction, this ineffability,

has become, of her own free will, the Fancy this "Romeo" clambering by

rope-ladder to "Juliet's" balcony discomfiture; "the best I ever ate. It was very fine, old boy; very juicy; so highly flavored; the very best you and lugged off to the station. Patti is beginning to suffer, and has aged visisad and nervous; her splendid hair is turning gray, and going. At Covent Garden the Diva, whose door used to the famous coiffeur, was only admit ted after a parley, and Nicolini insisted on remaining in the room while he dressed my lady's hair. And to think that for fourteen years Adelina Patti hat 'nigger's' leg last night, and would not sing with Nicolini because she could not bear him near her! And At this the involuntary cannibal to think that when her friend, the grew ghastly pale; he gave a fearful Marquise de Tallenay, first binted to a desperate heave, and threw up the her that scandalous tongues were be-"nigger," while a regular old-fash-ioned guifaw went up from the crowd. Nicolines, Patti burst into tears and said with the voice of an injured se raph, "About me? And with a Nicolas? Why not say with my soachman while they are about it?"

A story which originated with the

tian Addieste. Prof. Winchell is determined to be uartyr. He appeals to the public cription for opinion's sake," heel of priestly authority," "disnn-

Vanderbill University and the Oritic

sal from office on account of heresy, chool of Natural History and Geolo gy had been divided between Prof. Safford and Prof. Winchell, since the organization of the University. The principal work fell upon the former, who is resident. Both were able, and willing laborers; but the three months

lectureship was found not to fit in well; it jostled the schedule; and in order to secure Prof. Winchell such ; tearing as he deserved, classes and students were thrown somewhat out of joint. But the University derived benefit generally from his labors and ple; and, notwithstanding his "Pro-fessorship" was felt to be a sort of fifth wheel, the interests of the University, and polygenism, became so pronounced, in the last year, as to raise and press the question, Is Prof. Win-chell's connection with the University beneficial to it?

That question was met by abolish ing the lectureship, and devolving all its duties upon the other joint Professor, whose time had not before been fully occupied in that department.— The Board of Trust were embled thus to make practical and needed advantion—and, at the same time, to connect the University from any "r sponsibility for the Professor's dogma. thing to the candid and hasty critics who profess to see indiscretion in the vacate his chair; instead of resorting o the pretext of abolishing his chair?" Because they meant to get rid of both, and took the shortest and least offen

sive, because impersonal, course. Professor Winchell's attack on Vanlerbilt University has given the opportunity never neglected by a certal lass of editors. Let the incumbent of an evangelical pulpit turn Universal ist or Unitarian, and when the Church authorities give him the privilege of solding forth elsewhere-in a word lismiss him—these gentlemen of the aution and gagging conscience have been forward in offering their sympathy for his grievances under the heef of priestly authority. For the comfort of these gentlemen we say: First, the Board of Trustees is made up of twenty-eight persons alf of whom are laymen-farmers,

doctors, lawyers, judges-duly representing their class. Secondly, their evident wish and its friends not the least concern. peolpe-"our people"-have no objection to orthodoxy. Parents who have sons to educate prefer the safety of that the end of three years, ever shood so high and so strong. Those who are in charge of it know what they are about, Some of these editors inform the public that Vanderbilt University has nee! A former unsuccessful appliant for a position in it publishes a dece in which he gravely says that dence can do better without the Vanwithout science!

erbilt than the Vanderbilt can do that no institution in the land is bet o teach natural science than Vanderoilt University. It is almost a spe cialty, so full and strong in that dewhich he has left behind in the literary and scientific department: "I regard them, without exception, as rare and accomplished scholars, worthy of

The Vanderbilt is a great trust for the Church and the country, for the

It was the Commodore's plan to build ics, and no man cared for them less The Trustees propose to conduct the is what the people want. Mr. Van-derbilt was seldom mistaken in his choice of agents; but when he found he had the wrong man, he got rid of im-and therein was one secret of ils success,

A Sad Romance.

The determination of Gen. Sheran's son, Thomas Ewing Sherman, ien, Scott's daughters. As the story oes, this daughter fell deeply in love with a member of one of the foreign egations. The attachment was reciand that it was broken off. ared nothing for the world after that, and very soon was received as a true n the Georgetown convent. Her lov er returned to his native country, and was soon enrolled in the priesthood of ears he was ordered to Georgetown ollege, and took his turn in hearing he confession of the nuns at the convent. On one of these occasions Miss tances a recognition took place. She ninted, went into a rapid decline, and and soon after died, and he left the country never again to return. So a Washington gossip declares,

A curious lawsuit has just been deci-

## FOR HER SAKE.

ling about our ears!"

penetrated their darkness!

many of you are there?"

"We dare-dig no more!" shouted

Silently they counted; there were

"No need for lots," asserted one.

We will leave the whistler. He is

So they decided, and one by one

crawled through the nrrrow space. Jack Howard came last. He cast one

look upon the sflent, death-like place, the silent death-like form, while Bay Bernard's words stood written in let-

"What'er you do to him you do to

ters of fire in the blackness:

So Jack went back to his doom.

He in his every day fustian clothes, men. Perhaps then we can appease

she in her simple calieo gown, with but a knot of ribbon at her throat—he living all the bright sunshiny day where the brightest rays might never pierce, so deep is he in the bowels of the earth; she, the daughter of a miner like himself, for whom with her with the wrath of the spirits of the mine, and they will show us some way out, or keep life in our bodies till they dig for us. Ab, here he is," starting for ward as one stumbled over him for whom they sought.

"Back, men! Would you do murown hands she prepared the noonday meal, or set his home in order for his coming, but, for all that, the story to which she had been listening was none the less sweet, and Tom Wilcox felt his heart beat as it had never throbbed in the face of any danger, when he looked down into Ray Bernard's shy brown eyes, which, raised for one brief instant to his face, flashed forth their cherished secret, then stooped and sealed it on her lips with Cupid's seal. The moon laughed and the stars twinkled; it was such an old, old story

o them, but it was full of honest truth, even though the simple little brown cottage formed the back ground, and the low breezes whispering trough the tree were their only witesses. What if they repeated the secret in every clime? No one could un-derstand their language save the trees, and they were ever silent. But suddenly a cloud hid the pale moon from their sight, and, somehow, it seemed reflected on the girl's face, as with sudden courage she clasped her hands about her lover's arm.

"Don't go down into the mine to morrow, Tom," she said, "I feel as something were going to happen."
"Why, Jittle one," he laughed,
"such fancies as these don't do for a miner, s wife. You forget [growing serious] I have a safeguard now which I have never had before—the safeguard of your love or rather its most precious knowledge. Don't worry, lassie. We've work at the new hall tomorrow, and it would be as much s my place is worth for me to be

But the girl shivered even in the warm summer evening, and the hands clung more tightly to his arm. "I can't help it, Tom," she answerd. "I never felt so before; but try as I will I can't shake of the feeling. "We will laugh over it together toorrow evening, darling, whenand he stooped and whispered some hing very low in her ear-a something which brought the blood tiding once more to her very temples. "I can't wait long you know," he said alond, "Your father must be looking

out for another house-keeper. Ray,

my darling, life has just begun for me. od grant I may make you as happy And with his fond good-night kiss With folded arms, resting on the wicket gate, she watched the tall, stalsight, with as much pride in its mauly grace and strength as if he were a king who had offered her his kingdom, and the princess worthy of a royal dower. Then the last echo of his footsteps died away, and with a happy, tremulous sigh, she turned to enter the house; but by her side a dark figure started up. The girl uttered a faint scream. Then the moon emerged from her hiding place and disclosed

the man's face. Strangely white it looked, thought Ray, as she said: "Why, Jack! How you startled me! Where did you come from?" "I've not been far away for the past hour," was the surly reply.
"Eavesdropping, eh?" asserted Ray,
with sudden scorn. "I trust you were repaid." "Not if the old adage be true as to listeners hearing no good of them-

selves. You'd no time to make mention of my name, you and your lover. What was it he whispered in your ear? Was it to name the day? Answer e!" grasping her arm in his passion. "And by what right do you quesion?" exclaimed the girl, wrenching er arm from his touch.
"The right of love! Have I not oved you from your babyhood? Were e'en though no marble shaft nor sculp-tured urn record it. not the first nuts, the first wild flow-

ers, the first berries laid at your feet as boyish trophies of success, your smile the boy's highest reward? It was for this—for this I have loved you all "Jack, I am sorry"-and Ray's voice grew soft—"but it is through no fault of mine. I thought you loved me as a

over this disappointment." hat strike the heart. It is only wo-

"Aye-but let the serpent rear its

head across my way; and see how quickly I will grind its venomous head beneath my heel!"

asked he gentleman standing near.

"Hit was sorter like this, boss. Las Chuesday Mars John he fotched home

gloomy thoughts.

Six men at work-a little group apart from the others-on the new hall in the mine. It was a strange with white faces to their feet-the you know it has never yet failed to bring swift punishment?" Nonsense, boys," laughed Tom,

hands, but none had time to answer, for, as though far off, casine a dull, heavy sound they knew too well-one moment they looked with blanched of faces upon sach other, then followed a crash. The wall had fallen and hemmed them in their living touch. In the darkness ross criss of vengeance and curses upon him who had brought the curse home to them.

"Let us find him," they cried, groping in the darkness—"he who dared in the darkness—"he who dared in the confederate service during the late War, has been appointed by the spirits to do their.

"Let us find him," they cried, groping the window was raised. If the little spange found over the young lady's proof in the rear of the house. Even the window was raised. If the little spange found over the young lady's proof in the rear of the house. Even the window was raised. If the little spange found over the young lady's proof in the rear of the house. Who left a helping war was particle faces. The doors and windows were all locked with the windows was later. Who left a helping wa

the offender, in answer. "That's an old superstition, fit for crooning hags by the firedde. An honest whistle can do no man harm. Listen! And compone again the cheery sound rang out—this time the whistler's feet keeping time. "Ah, if you were happy as am I, you'd whistle, too, since I've won the prettiest lass in all the village for may bride."

On the listener's race flees words brought the blackest frawn; but he sternly kept his white lips together; and was mute and—none noticing the instant start, the half clenched hands; but note that more to answer, for, as though far aff. came a dull, heavy sound they knew to were happy and a willing a war begun sho nuff. Some I've won the listener's race flees words and was mute and—none noticing the instant start, the half clenched hands; but note had time to answer, for, as though far aff. came a dull, heavy sound they knew to went.

with so false a mask. Remember, ez natchul lez ef dey'd er bin raised I couldn't. I fainted right away, and with so haise a mask. Remember, Jack—you say you love me. I love Tom Wilcox, Whate'er you do to him you do to me. His heart is the shrine which holds my heart, even as his is here," striking her breast. Then, with a low good-night, a swift touch of her hand, she left him to his own gloomy thoughts.

ez natchul lez ef dey'd er bin raised on de ole Spivy place in Putmon (County. Den Miss Sally she cut off er slishes was I wa upon his stomach as if feeling for were men, and not women in men's something.

squeemish—sorter lik I don bin and hat on the bed in my room and started

"Jack, hush!" exclaimed the girl; put up wid none er yo' sassnes, nud-'you do not mean those words. Have der—let 'lone flingin' watermillion send's folks were letting off fire-works I not seen you step aside rather than rimes whar I kin git mixt up wid 'um. in their front yard, right opposite. I tread upon a worm, to crush out a life I done had 'nuff watermillions yisti-day an' de day befo'." day an' de day befo'." Chuesday Mars John he fotched home had struck only a few notes when

head beneath my heel!"

"Yes, Jack; but Tom Wilcox has never done you wrong."

The man laughed.

"He has entered my house and robbed me of the one thing my soul prized—has despoiled me of my all! Do we not punish those who steal from us."

"Not if they steal that which is their own. I know you, Jack, better than you know yourself, and know the noble heart which you cover to-night with so false a mask. Remember,

[Atlanta Constitution.] "Look yer, boy," said Uncle Remus

The Wild Watermelon.

yesterday, stopping near the railroad crossing, on Whitehall street, and gazbrother, and gave you a sister's affection in return. You will soon get youth who does Lewis Clark's outside over this disappointment."

ing ferociously at a small colored swer to my questions, which were as shrewdly put as I could make them under the circumstances, she said: business, "Look yer, boy, I'll lay yer "Men don't get over their wounds out flat ef you flingin yo' watermillion rimes under my foot-you watch ef I Townsend and the children it was men who can do that, since no steel, however sharp, can penetrate their hearts. I don't want your pity—give it to the man to whom you have given your love. He may need it if he crosses my path."

"Jack, hush!" exclaimed the girl:

"Jack hush!" exclaimed the girl: "How was that, Uncle Remus," in, shutting the hall door, which has "Hit was sorter like this, boss, Las"

"Well, old man, what then?" ,'Dat's wa't I'm a gitting' at, boss," said Uncle Remus, smiling a feeble smile. "I santered roun' 'bout er half bour an' den I begin fer ter feel sorter that I know of. After I had laid my sound, which suddenly made each smile. "I santered roun' 'bout er half man throw down his tool and start hour an' den I begin fer ter feel sorter sound of a cheery whistle echoing swoller'd' bout fo' poun's off'n de cend down stairs, I thought I heard a noise through the silent, vault-like place.
"Hush, man! are you mad!" said one, "to whistle in the mine? Don't like I wuzzent. Bimeby a little pain sure I didn't upset the para-stool in sure showed is head and sorter m'andered roun like he was lookin for a good place fer ter ketch holt, an den a great big pain jump up an take arter and going straight towards the door."

voice. "One by one you must enter, crawling through this hole. There is found in the hallway which divides room for but five on the shaft. How the double two-story frame house, she had a split sponge over her nose, bound on by a long strip torn off from a towel taken from her room, and the other while she looked at me and smiled,

After the discovery the neighbors were soon aroused. Dr. Gedney, who lives about a mile up the river road, was sent for, and by 11 o'clock the young lady had regained her senses. She at once related what had happens ed to her, telling how two masked men had suddenly entered the parlor, where she was sitting at the piano;

his car: "Tell her I kept sacred the shrine which held her heart, and did it for her sake," he dragged him as best he could to the aperture.
"Lend a hand, boys!" he shouted. "We'll send Tom up first. He has a sweetheart waiting. I—I have no one." until brought to in Mrs. Connor's part for.
With this part of the story the public has already been acquainted, but how the young lady came to be put in such a plight continues to be a mystery. The strangest thing of all is the fact that a majority at least of the citizens of Milton profess to believe that There was no time to parley, and izens of Milton profess to believe that no men, masked or otherwise, enterbe back for you," they obeyed him. ed the house in the manner described

by the lady, and that she did It all It was a glimpse of Eden to the herself. But when asked to justify nen—who thought themselves shut the known facts with such a theory out from it forever-as once more they are utterly confounded, and ac they saw the green fields and the sun-light, while weeping women and tion to offer. This feeling is so strong hildren clung, sobbing, to their knees, that neither the Justice of the Peace nor the Town Constable have taken tender as they, as a great crash smote on their ears, and they knew Jack Howard explated his sacrifice with his

villager he shrugs his shoulders, and talks darkly about "jealousy," "jilts," "pride," and "love affairs" generally. I called on Miss Heuser to-day (in ompany with Dr. Gedney, who is ractitioner of long standing here) and heard the story from her own lips. As Miss Heuser entered the parlor the Doctor greeted her cheerily, and said she looked much better than when he last saw her. She was pale, but the Doctor said that was natural with her. Miss Heuser is a very pretty

young lady, with a great abundance of black hair, large dark eyes, smooth light skin, a wide forehead, neatly tapering chin and a prettily curved nouth. She was demure, but perfectly calm and self-possessed. "When I came home with Mr.

a spring lock. I came into the parlo here and sat down at the piane,

clothing. One of them had a soft hand, but it was not the hand of a woman. The men looked strong and behind me or on the roof of the house but took no more notice of it. I'm

the girl mean while we were at the celebrated in Paris. Her husband's door, She bay on her back and her sisters, says the writer, did the honfeet were raised up and braced against ors with her-the Countess de Ruculot the doorsell tooks off the towels and and the Princess de Ginetti. The the sponge, threw my wife's shawl Princess of Wales was there in a deliover the young lady, and carried her cious toilet of pink faille and natural into our parlor.' "Do you knew that the girls had any enemies about here who might have piness of seeing the diva appear in one committed such an indignity to humiliate the young lady?"

"Not , that L know, of, although pearls and hen Simian but fascinating

there was some jealousy on the part of some of the young people here. Miss Heuser is very lady-like in her behavior so far as I have ever been able to judge. She is a modest girl, and too proud to associate with everyand too proud to associate with every- Paris; so was Alboni.

and too proud to associate with every-body. The young people about here are in the habit of indulging in what are called 'kissing games,' and Miss Heuser, although she never held aloof from the rest of the company, faithful satellite, "Loulou," has left habit to all the company, faithful satellite, "Loulou," has left habit to all the company, faithful satellite, "Loulou," has left to be all the company, faithful satellite, "Loulou," has left to be all the company, faithful satellite, "Loulou," has left to be all the company, the company is a company to the company to the company is a company to the company to the company is a company to the company to t showed that she didn't care to go so her; Louise Lamo, a merchant's far as some others went. I remem- daughter, who, becoming infatuated bered that at a little party at my mother's house last winter the young people were pfaying a "forfeit" game, and when a young men went to claim his forfeit from her she held out her hand, saying she would not allow toilet. Patti's most devoted worshipthe man to kiss her face. This seemed to put some of the young people against her, and although it was never said to her face, I have heard people say Mrs. Connor also said: "The first words Miss Heuser said when she was

coming to were, 'don't touch me, don't so many times to tell me her name, thinking she would tell me that if she had her reason. After a part of the towel was tied around her head in such a manner as to blindfold her.

She also said, 'kill me, but don't disgrace me.' Then she turned over, with her face too the wall, and began

Dr. Hasbrook said he didn't know her adorers was the old Marquis de where the sponge could have come Chavanat, a nobleman old enough to from, and thought it must have been be her grandfather and a magnificent procured by the perpetrators before-hand. No strange bottle was found on the premises; but aglass stopper was he had been a collegian. Not being picked up by Mr. Parrott near the rich, and finding it expensive work to

had for their object simply to humili- nent, billing in advance with the citate the girl by causing her too be ics where she was to sing. The chamfound in an exposed condition, and that they left her lying in front of the Marquis lived everywhere in style, hall door in order that the first person and kept always near the object of his to enter would be sure to discover her and raise such an alarm as would bring a crowd of people to the house. As for the rest of the citizens, there are almot as many opinions as there

A Horrible Yarn. Nashville Dispatch to the Chicago Times. It was before the war. It was the alarm and raised the household. The habit here then for the poorer students | old Marquis de Chavanat coming in at to mess by themselves. We had a the moment, was the first person on student whose stomach never failed to the scene, rushed in and dragged out revolt when, in the process of dissect from the closet, where he had taken tion, bones were laid bare to his vision. refuge, the trembling tenor, whom he From this fact he could never so much | did then and there trounce as soundly as look upon a piece of steak with a as ever M. de Caux could have desired. bone in it without a deep-reaching This was the first whipping Nicolini received; the last says the chronicler, boneless steaks. He was an excellent cook, and that qualification was not told that he is "a Viennese, which is long in making itself known. It was as much as to say amiable to the tips on the star of the star of the star of the star of the time they had been well cooked, if allowed the least opportunity. He was a studious boy, and would often so many of his fashionable patients!

tired of the inroads so often made upon him, and resolved to make his "first cure." The cadaver of a very fleshy negro, who had been killed by accident, was brought in one night for like to kill a man who doesn't defend companions had gone out, and then wick at Eatrnswill, threw herself becut from the negro's leg a steak re-sembling, to all intents and purposes, ty whack on the arm, which raised a a beef-steak, bereft, as it was, of the sad welt "That Patti," says Montouter skin. This he salted and sea- joyeux, our chronicler atoresaid, soned, and cooked the following morning. As usual, one of his principal naving traversed disdainfully and se tormentors was around waiting hisop- rene all Europe, which bowed itself at portunity to seize the steak. It was her feet, having been a goddess in the unusually well cooked. To permit its clouds, an unattainable idol, having abstraction the student went into an | troubled the brains of kings, broken adjoining room, and, through the the hearts of Princes, destroyed the

it away and subsequently eat it with noblest, the fairest and the richest "That was a fine steak you ate this unlawful wife of a tenor turned of fif morning," suggested the poor student ty, who grins with false teeth, who is to the involuntary cannibal, in the played out, and painted and redolent presence of a crowd of students, who of sulphur pomade!

'And so it was," suggested the poor bly during the past year. She is thin, "The only wonder is that it "Oh, it did," said the cannibal, rulbing his hands with apparent delight; the most delicious odor, and done to a turn. By the way, who's your buten. Above all, she is a prisoner, for Nico-

Mister Lamar.

Holland numbers among its numer us charities an "Old Paper Society." The Roman Catholies of the Nether lands, 1,200,000 in number, send annu-Who went out of his way to glorify ally to the Pope the proceeds of the the satanic Sumner, and grieve aver said of old magazines, journals, pamear the society bas acknowledged [12,-000 pounds of waste paper, This was sold for 10,000 florins, and amount has been forwarded to blome.

Gen. John C. Fremont, is a mistake. Finsign Fremont, of the United States Navy, did marry a Miss Anderson, but the bride is a young lady of Wash-

The French Government has seized ertain property of the ex-Empress as ecurity for the restitution of considerable sums the Bonapartes are said to owe France, A committee of investigation has reported that Napoleon owes the nation his allowance for September, 1870, which he drew in adrance; also that the regular civil list was habitually exceeded by 30,000,000 ranes; finally, that he alienated a large extent of crown lands.

Mr. Perkins was a Boston fraving lost two wives. Miss Carlto was a spiritualistic medium. She went into a trance, and the spirits of the two dead wives, speaking through her, said that she and Perkins ought to marry. Of course Miss Carlton was Who lent a helping hand to Jack Louisville (Ky.) Argus, to the effect sherman, Stanley Matthews, John that Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, Anderson, et al., in the commission was married in May last to a son of obey. The ceremony was performed the next day,

ington. Fremont at last accounts was ded at Paris. Micheal Masson this LIVERY, SALE & FEED STABLE,

North-east Corner Public Square,

Columbia, : : Temessee

Columbia, : : : Temessee in Paris with his bride, white Ariss An- real name is Gaudiehote the well